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## THE RESTORATION MOVEMENT.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

In the olden time, Scotland, as may be supposed, could not present such a grand array of ecclesiastical structures as England; still in some instances those which it did possess were of an imposing character, in the best styles of Gothic art from the twelfth till the fifteenth century. Scotland was rich in abbeys, especially in the southern part of the kingdom; and it had a fair number of cathedrals, most of which still survive. It is a common belief that the ruin, which to a greater or lesser extent overtook the ecclesiastical edifices, was effected by infuriated mobs at the Reformation. No doubt, much damage was done by this irregular agency; but it was trifling in comparison with the destruction by military violence in the course of invasions from England. Passing over casual raids of this kind, the era of deliberate ruin was in the reign of Henry VIII. Armies were sent into Scotland in 1544 and 1545—twelve to fifteen years before the Scottish Reformation, and on one or other of these occasions the Abbeys of Melrose, Dryburgh, Jedburgh, Kelso, and Coldingham were partially or wholly destroyed; while in the more remote parts of the kingdom English agents prosecuted similar acts of barbarity.

Coming next in order were the ravages committed by bodies of native reformers, whose rage, however, was chiefly expended on the internal decorations of churches and the dwellings of the monks; the fabrics still standing being for the greater part left intact. As following these proceedings came the armies of the Lords of the Congregation, who authoritatively swept away the cloisters and other dependent parts of the monastic buildings, as well as such internal fittings in the churches as had been left. Such was the manner in which the outworks of the Abbeys of Paisley, Kilwinning, and Dunfermline were treated in 1559. Excepting, therefore, as arising from the indiscriminate destruction inspired by Henry VIII., the church part of the monastic establishments,

and the cathedrals, suffered comparatively little damage. For the ruin that laid so many grand old buildings in the dust, more is to be ascribed to neglect than to wilful violence. Here and there, as in a few cases that will come under notice, the public authorities did their best to keep the violated buildings in a state of repair; but in most cases they were left to sink to decay. For want of care, roofs fell, the rain got into the walls, which gradually sunk to the ground, and to finish the melancholy tale, the materials were often stolen under cognisance of those who ought to have prevented such dilapidations.

Elgin Cathedral, a building of magnificent proportions, constructed in the best style of Gothic architecture, and profusely decorated, survived the Reformation ten years, when (1568) by an order from the Scottish Privy Council, it was stripped of its lead to raise funds for paying the soldiers of the Regent Murray. This scandalous transaction met with its merited punishment; for the ship employed to transport the metal to Holland for sale sunk with all its cargo. The result was the gradual decay and ruin of the building, which neither the local magistracy nor any one else took effectual care to avert; and only of late years have means been adopted to prevent peculation from the remains of this beautiful structure. By a reasonable degree of care and a small outlay of money, Elgin Cathedral, a building which might have been the glory of the north of Scotland, would have been saved to the country. The Abbey of Arbroath, which was more spacious than the Cathedral of Elgin, also suffered from neglect, and even worse. The municipal authorities were in the habit of selling its materials, by which means little of it has been left, and it would have disappeared altogether but for the interference of the government.

From the combined causes now summarised, much valuable property was lost. Buildings which would now be artistically priceless, have sunk to the condition of weather-beaten and mouldering fragments. Such, after the lapse of three centuries, being frequently all that remain

to attest their architectural beauty, and to draw a sigh of regret from the passing tourist. Among those buildings which were preserved from the worst forms of outrage were the Abbey Church of Paisley, the Cathedral of St Mungo, Glasgow, the Collegiate Church of St Giles, Edinburgh, and a few others. Some which had partially suffered, such as the Cathedrals of Dunblane and Dunkeld, the Cathedral of St Magnus, Kirkwall, in Orkney, and the Abbey of Dunfermline, have been put in repair, and now respectively serve the purpose of parish churches.

Glasgow Cathedral, happily saved, and classed as property pertaining to the crown, has from the days of the Reformation downwards enjoyed the protection of the Magistrates and Town Council, who, as appears from their records, have often expended money to keep the building in repair, and to adapt it to the wants of the community. For general accommodation, it was partitioned and allotted for different congregations—one in the choir, another in the nave, and a third in the crypt, a curious semi-underground portion beneath the choir. In this last-mentioned place of worship took place the mysterious meeting of young Osbaldiston with Rob Roy, as fancifully described by the author of 'Waverley.' The choir, known as the Inner High Kirk, was the place of meeting of a more real and momentous nature. Here met the General Assembly of the Scottish Church in 1638, which abolished the Episcopacy of Charles I., re-established Presbytery, and ratified the National Covenant. Shortly after the Restoration of Charles II., there was a statutory resumption of Episcopacy (minus the canons and Service Book), in which Robert Leighton, one of the most amiable and enlightened theologians of his age, was appointed Archbishop of Glasgow, 1670; but he held the office only four years. Disgusted with the violent proceedings of the Scottish administration, he retired into private life, and died in 1684.

At the Revolution settlement, Scotland reverted to the Presbyterian polity, 1690, when the ancient fane of St Mungo lost its status as a cathedral. Irrespective of ecclesiastical distinction, the arrangement of the building into three churches under one roof continued till 1798, when the congregation that assembled in the crypt removed to another church which was provided for it. The other two congregations remained until 1836, when, to make way for a general restoration in conformity with modern tastes, one of them was provided for elsewhere at the cost of the civic corporation, and the only one left was that in the choir. That the Restoration Movement should have spread to Scotland, might, all things considered, be matter for surprise; but the wonder is the greater that it should have been first manifested in Glasgow. No fact could be more significant of the general spontaneity of this new and remarkable movement. There had latterly been growing up a spirit of emulation as regards

tastefulness in the building of churches, and to this the desire to see the ancient Cathedral of St Mungo restored to something like its original grandeur, was probably due.

Being crown property, the work of restoration was effected by government at an expense of twelve to thirteen thousand pounds, spread over a number of years. Though the cost was comparatively small, the restoration was well executed. The division walls, galleries, and staircases were removed. The building was opened up throughout, shewing the fine rows of pillars and other graceful points in the architecture. The choir, which is reached by some steps from the nave, was alone fitted up for service. Including the crypt, chapter-house, and clerestory windows, there are nearly a hundred windows in the building, the most of which have been filled with stained glass on a well-considered general plan, at the cost of private donors, chiefly connected with the west of Scotland. There being no Dean and Chapter, the custody and supervision of the building has been placed by government in the hands of the magistrates and council. On two days of the week, visitors are admitted on paying a fee of twopence to officers appointed by Her Majesty's Board of Works; and on four days the entrance is free. No monumental tablets can be placed in the cathedral without the sanction of the government, by which scrupulous arrangement there is a guarantee that the building will not be filled with monuments to persons of inferior note.

Usually styled a cathedral, in virtue of its ancient character, the building is ecclesiastically only a parish church (technically St Mungo's), which in its improved form was opened for public worship in 1856. No stranger arriving in Glasgow, with a few hours to spare, should omit to visit this very interesting edifice, which presents admirable specimens of ecclesiastical architecture from the twelfth to the fifteenth century.

Next in the order of restoration was the Abbey of Paisley, a fine Gothic structure of the twelfth and thirteenth century, which had been sacked and partially destroyed at the Reformation, when its rich endowments were gifted by the Regent Murray to Lord Sempill, and subsequently came into the family of Abercorn. The nave, which had been saved, was subsequently fitted up as the parish church. Its condition in later times is described by the Rev. Dr J. Cameron Lees, in his scholarly and very interesting work, 'The Abbey of Paisley' (1 volume 4to, 1878). He says that 'In 1859 the church was in a most disreputable state. The burial-ground outside the building covered the whole basement of the church up to the windows. The interior was like a vault in a graveyard. Water ran down the walls, and an unwholesome smell pervaded every part of the church. Heavy galleries round the place cut the pillars in two. The clerestory windows were blocked up, and whitewash was freely used. The

whole of the moulding at the base of the pillars was hidden out of sight in the soil. Round the floor of the church was a wide circular passage, with huge iron stoves placed in it at intervals. This passage formed a promenade for stragglers during the time of service, who perambulated from one end to another, occasionally lighting their pipes at them before going out, which they did whenever they were tired of listening, a frequent enough occurrence. A more dreary place of worship could scarcely be imagined. A street of disreputable pawn-shops and public-houses abutted on the church, which was entirely hidden by the squalid buildings around it.

This graphic picture is consistent with our own recollections. The strange thing is that although Paisley had grown up to be a wealthy manufacturing place, and had produced more men of genius than any town of its size in Scotland, nobody thought of rescuing the building from the degradation into which it had sunk. At length came the dawn of improvement. In 1862, a restoration committee, chiefly organised by the Rev. Mr Wilson, one of the ministers of the parish, set vigorously to work. The unsightly galleries were taken down. The floor cleared of the accumulated rubbish of centuries. The body of the church re-seated. The clerestory windows opened up. The transept walls and windows restored, and the turrets rebuilt. Finally, the mean dwellings in the neighbourhood were removed, and the surroundings beautified. Men of all creeds, says Dr Lees, contributed to the work; the total cost of all that had been done being estimated at not less than about thirty thousand pounds. The architect employed was Mr James Salmon of Glasgow. The Abbey in its restored state is now a grand Gothic structure befitting its history, a credit to those benefactors who, generously lifting it out of its deplorable condition, clothed it in the solemn beauty which had been the admiration of kings and men of learning who have long since been resolved into dust.

Among the minor restorations of recent times in Scotland, may first be placed that of Roslin Chapel, as it is commonly called, an exquisitely beautiful relic of fifteenth-century art, situated about seven miles south of Edinburgh. It consists of the choir of a building designed to be a collegiate church, which was left unfinished by its founder, William St Clair, a member of the ancient baronial house of Roslin. The choir had not been long finished and used for religious service, when it was sacked at the Reformation. It was further despoiled by a mob at the Revolution of 1688, from which times till our own days it remained in a desolate condition, merely roofed from the weather, but always an object of interest on account of its elaborately decorated architecture. For richness of ornament its pillars may be designated perfectly unique. It was likewise attractive from historical and poetical association. Beneath its paved floor lie the barons of Roslin, said to have been buried in their armour, a circumstance not unnoticed by Sir Walter Scott in the ballad of 'Rosabelle.'

'There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold  
Lie buried within that proud chapel;  
Each one the holy vault doth hold—  
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.'

Thus in cold vacuity stood Roslin Chapel

throughout the eighteenth and far on in the nineteenth century, when by the revival of taste, it was cleansed and restored in all its original beauty by the late Earl of Rosslyn. It is now fitted up for public worship. Along with Hawthornden on the opposite bank of the North Esk, it forms an object of pilgrimage to tourists with a taste for the picturesque when visiting Edinburgh.

Another of the minor restorations is that of the ancient church of St Bride, in the town of Douglas, and close to Douglas Castle, the seat of the Douglasses, in the upper ward of Lanarkshire. Violated at the Reformation, and with so much of it destroyed that the only remnants of the original building were an aisle and spire, it still remained the burial-place of the Douglasses. Recently, the building has been dressed up and re-roofed, due regard having been paid to the preservation, as far as possible, of its original appearance and character, the whole being executed by Lord Dunglass, who succeeded in right of his mother as the lineal representative of the Douglas family. In the inside of the church, the repairs and restorations are extensive, costly, and beautiful. Among the old and partially defaced monuments which have been tastefully restored is that of the Good Sir James Douglas, the friend of Bruce, and the hero of Scott's 'Castle Dangerous.' A new monument, far excelling in splendour any of the old ones, is that erected to the memory of the late Countess of Home.

A more important restoration was effected on the Abbey of Jedburgh, one of the group of monastic establishments, including Melrose, Dryburgh, and Kelso, situated in a pleasant part of the south of Scotland. Of these the Abbey of Jedburgh, which alone has had the good fortune to be repaired and put in order, dates from the twelfth century, and exhibits specimens of architecture from the Norman to the decorated period. This variety is partly due to the vicissitudes it had the fate to undergo. In the first place, it suffered severely in the wars which ensued on the death of Alexander III., 1286. Next, from its proximity to the Border it was always in the way of being injured by invading armies from the south. And as has been said, it suffered heavily from the invasions in the reign of Henry VIII. After these successive attacks, there were costly repairs to be executed on doorways, turrets, or something or other, which formed a heavy drain on the resources of the ecclesiastical community. Hence the remarkable difference of styles of Gothic which crept over the building; for the older architects did not ordinarily execute serious repairs or make additions in the style of the original, but introduced work of a more ornamental character, according to what was prevalent at the period. In this manner Jedburgh Abbey may be taken as a good specimen of different varieties of Gothic, from the plain to the richly decorated, over a space of three hundred years. The building might be said to embody a large section of history in its devices and stone carvings. Thus, we hail it as an enduring and very precious memorial of the past.

Though sacked at the Reformation, the building was not destroyed. A portion of it was appropriated as the parish church, which church was within our recollection a hideous huddle of pews

and galleries, to make way for which, as in similar cases, the old pillars were hacked, and everything like architectural elegance utterly destroyed. The parts of the building not so misused were left to go to ruin. As the whole structure was in a feeble condition, it must soon have sunk to a heap of rubbish but for the generous liberality of the present Marquis of Lothian. Animated by a noble enthusiasm, his lordship made extraordinary exertions to effect the restoration of the building, to the extent of clearing it out from end to end, and preserving it from dilapidation. To do so, he erected a new parish church, at a cost of eleven thousand pounds; he built a new residence for the minister, at a cost of three thousand pounds; and expended, it is believed, over ten thousand pounds on the rectification of the Abbey, and the means to preserve it; making a total of nearly twenty-five thousand pounds. The architect, who carried out the improvements in strict conformity to the style of the parts injured, was Mr Robert Anderson. The work was completed in 1877. The building so restored was not covered in with a roof, which is to be regretted. Possibly the walls were thought to be in too feeble a condition, with some parts bent from the perpendicular; but we believe modern science is not devoid of resources to sustain a roof without endangering the fabric or encroaching on the character of the building. However this may be in the present instance, Jedburgh Abbey, though only a repaired ruin, is preserved for the purpose of shewing what the building was like in the olden time, and so far it is a generous and acceptable contribution to archæology.\*

Besides the foregoing restorations, might be mentioned those of the churches of Biggar, St Vigean, Seton, and one or two others. As regards Seton Church, it invokes a special interest. It was the chapel connected with the palace of Seton, the seat of the Earls of Winton, an ancient family, whose possessions were forfeited and titles attained in the person of George the fifth Earl, for his accession to the rebellion on behalf of the Stuarts, 1715. He appears to have been impelled to take this step by the violence of a body of East Lothian militia, who, on suspicion of his loyalty, broke into his chapel, defaced the monuments of his ancestors, desecrated their sepulchres, and committed other outrages, which brutality met with no check from the authorities, and induced the Earl to attach himself to the cause of the insurgents. After his trial and condemnation, he escaped from the country. His estates ultimately came into possession of the Earls of Wemyss. The chapel having merged into a sadly dilapidated condition, has been partially restored by the present Earl of Wemyss.

The success which has attended the repair of Jedburgh Abbey, suggests the possibility of doing something towards the restoration of the Abbey of Melrose. The western portion of the nave is gone, level with the ground. But the remaining part of the nave, the transepts, and the choir, all so finely alluded to in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' are entire, or nearly so. A barbarous attempt to transform the nave into a parish

church has left some coarse masonry, which has perhaps been the means of saving the part of the nave that is now in existence. It might accordingly be worth consideration whether an effort should not be made to clear away the extraneous masonry, re-roof and repair the fabric generally, effecting such restorations on the mutilated ornamental parts as would to some extent bring back the original appearance of the structure. We merely throw out this as a hint to those immediately interested in the preservation of this exquisitely beautiful work of art. It is very much to be lamented that commonplace modern dwellings have been allowed to crowd in upon the vicinity of the ruin. These would require to be removed.

The Story of St Giles and its restorations must be left for another article. W. C.

## A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

### CHAPTER XIII.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

*'Jack,' said Polly, suddenly breaking into sobs, 'don't be an angel.'*

I REMEMBER how the darkness swallowed up those two flying figures, and I recall the blank of waiting terror which ensued. I remember the hurry and bustle in the house, the lanterns flitting to and fro in the fields, the faint cries of the distant searchers as they hallooed to each other. The lights flickered here and there, and the voices called, until the trees about the lawn grew black with the darkness of the night. Then the search was given up, and Cousin Will came back to the house with the serving-men behind him. Gascoigne had slipped out, and I was left alone. The terror I was in was mingled with the keenest watchfulness, and I could declare now, after all this lapse of time, to the merest incident or sound of that dreadful hour.

I suppose that the seeds of fever must have been within me when this shock came, and that with or without it I should certainly have had to face an illness sooner or later. But with the shock they sprang to life at once, and for many and many a day the outer world was dark to me. I know now that my delirium lasted six weeks; but in fever, the time which sane mortals count by goes for nothing. I lay in pitch-black darkness for whole eternities, a prey to an unimaginable and unimaginable fear; and I knew then as well as I know now that the terror was nothing more or less than the stranger's face.

At the end of all this, I remember falling very slowly indeed, into some great gulf of night, which hid me from that overmastering awe, and closed softly over me with such a benediction of rest and sleep as only a return from madness ever knew. And into this blessed gulf of forgetfulness I sank so far, that when I woke again the very shadow of my fear was gone. I heard the gurgle of water, and lay with closed eyes and listened. There was the rustle of leaves somewhere near, and the whispering sound of a woman's dress, and the quiet step of a woman's feet were close to me. Something cool and soft touched my forehead—a woman's hand. A cool drink was put to my lips, and I do not believe that ever an Arab pilgrim found a draught more sweet at the desert well.

\* A small volume, by James Watson, entitled 'Jedburgh Abbey, Historical and Descriptive,' and illustrated by lithographs, has been published by David Douglas, Edinburgh, 1877.



It is worth while to have been ill to experience the first delights of getting well again. I did not open my eyes to see who administered the draught; I was too utterly weak to be curious. When, after another blessed restful sleep, my eyes opened of themselves, I saw that I was in my own bedroom, with its sloping roof, and the honey-suckle was murmuring and bowing at the window. My nurse, whoever she might be, sat at the window looking out upon those wide-spread fields, which I could see in languid fancy as I lay. What made the languid fancy clearer was that I could hear the village lads at cricket. I knew the crack with which bat and ball came together, though it was faint with distance; and the murmurous voices of the players floated in at the open casement as though they were part of the perfume of the fields.

My attendant moved noiselessly in her chair, and drawing a letter from her pocket read it through. I meantime perused her face, and read no line of anything but good there. It was a face of singular beauty, or seemed so to me, and its chief characteristic was a sort of ineffable gentle softness. It was a face in which the weakest and poorest thing that breathes, the most timid and most helpless might have had instant faith and trust. It was so gentle and tender in its look, so harmless and so sad, that it filled me, though I lay there as a sick child, and nigh death's door, with a sense of pity and affection, and a vague feeling of desire to protect and defend. We grow backward in wisdom as we leave childhood behind us, because we leave intuition and trust to observation. And most of all do we lose, in losing that wisdom of affection which makes the child so far better a creature than the accomplished man or woman. I knew already the look of patient sorrow in the eyes of age, and it needed no more than even my childish experience of the world to know that such a look was as piteous as it is happily uncommon in the eyes of girlish beauty at eighteen. That grief should visit the loveliest eyes can hardly be surprising even to a child; but that grief should have made such eyes her home, I knew to be out of the natural course of things. There was no mistaking the sorrow of this face, for any guest of Fancy's who came to spend a casual hour and say good-bye. It was too plain that the guest had stayed there long, and made a home there. Looking at that face now in the afterlight of later years, I can see the traces of Sorrow's old abode. As I lay there looking at her, my attendant put the letter in her bosom, and sat still with her hands clasped on her lap, and one or two large silent tears ran down her cheek. A low and timid rap came to the door; and wiping her eyes hastily, she arose and moved noiselessly across the room. There was a whisper at the door; she answered 'Yes' in a voice which sounded softer than the whisper, and I was left alone. I fell asleep again, and awoke in the night. A shaded lamp was on the table, and in the grate a bright but small fire was burning. Beside the fire was a figure so homelike and familiar, that for a minute I almost fancied myself back in the old cottage in the Black Country.

'Sally!' I said, in a voice so weak and ghost-like that I myself scarcely heard it.

But Sally heard it, and turned an anxious face

towards me. God bless the face! Plain as it was, love and sorrow dwelt there too, and made it lovable. She rose and came to me, and smoothed my hair and kissed me. I could see that she was greatly moved; but she struggled hard to hide the joy and agitation which this first sign of returning consciousness had brought to her. 'O Johnny!' she said in a whisper, and then gave a great gulp. 'Go to sleep dear. There's a darling. You know me again now, Johnny—don't you?'

'Yes,' I said, in that phantom voice the fever had left me.

She stroked my hair again, and resumed her seat by the fireside. But she could not rest there. She came back again, and sat down by the bedside, and took my hand beneath the bedclothes, and held it. I dozed, and woke to find her there. I dozed again, and woke to find her there. The faithful creature never moved from that affectionate guard except to smooth my pillow or to give me drink. After a fever, one's capacity for sleep is amazing. I fell into sound slumber at last, still holding Sally's hand; and when I awoke again it was broad daylight, and the sad and gentle presence of yesterday was there again. I could have almost believed that my interview with Sally had been a dream; for there sat my attendant as if I had only closed my eyes upon her for a second, reading a letter at the window; and the sad attitude of her figure and the expression of her face were as unchanged as if she had been a picture. I moved involuntarily, and she arose and came to me.

'Are you thirsty, dear?' she asked.

'No,' I answered, in a stronger voice than I had been able to find the night before; 'I am very hungry.'

'That's right,' she said. 'Wait a minute, and you shall have some breakfast.' With a caress she went away; and returned after a brief absence with beef-tea and jelly and some long strips of thin toast. In the rear came Sally; and my attendant turning round upon her, said: 'You ought to be in bed, Troman.'

'Yes, Miss,' said Sally in a whisper; 'but let me see him eat a bit, Miss—just a bit—only a little piece, Miss.'

The young lady smiled at this; and I thought then that, but for the lasting sorrow in her eyes, the smile would have been a very bright and merry one. It seemed at least as though it had a native right to be so; but the abiding sorrow held it down, and made it sadder than her sadness.

Sally held me up in bed, with a shawl wrapped round me, whilst the young lady fed me. I have eaten good dinners in good company since then, but I have never since found food so sweet. For a day or two all my chronicle is of eating and drinking and sleeping. Had food and drink and couch been the poorest and coarsest of their kind, I should have found them all enjoyable in the full tide of returning health; but as it chanced that they were all of the best that love and money could procure, I revelled in them with absolute physical enjoyment. Sally and the new and unknown lady and Aunt Bertha and Cousin Will and Gascoigne, all visited me frequently; and in the presence of each I found a feast of heart, which made that slow convalescence one of the happiest experiences of my life. I learned by-and-by that my new friend's name was Maud, and

I could but notice that she and I were included in a common pity and tenderness. People lowered their voices to speak to her, as they did in my own case, as though she too were weak, and coming slowly back from some heavy illness.

On all half-holidays Gascoigne came to me, with news of my school-fellows—who was trying for this prize and who for that—who was captain of the second cricketing eleven, and who made top score, and who took most wickets in the last match against the neighbouring school at Dean. He was an enthusiastic cricketer, and I knew how much he sacrificed in spending all these summer afternoons with me; but he would not be forbidden.

The last of all my little circle to be admitted to my chamber was Polly. The Doctor had decided that I might be taken down-stairs next day. He was an odd-looking man, the Doctor; not unlike a jackdaw in outward seeming; and he stood by my bedside with a bird-like eye upon me, when the door opened, and Sally made a dart at it with a warning finger raised. The Doctor looked round. 'Aha!' he said—'the little lady. Let her come in, nurse. Let her come in.'

Polly came in with round blue eyes wide open; and climbing the bed, gravely sat down upon the pillow.

'Nurse,' said the Doctor, limping across the room, 'you will ask this young lady to be very quiet, if you please.—You will be very quiet, won't you?' He turned on Polly with his bird-like eye, and using his club-foot as a pivot to turn on. 'Eh, my dear? Eh?'

Polly nodded gravely.

'That's well,' said the Doctor, and pivoted himself round on Sally. 'No draughts to-morrow, nurse. We mustn't have the little man catch cold.'

Pursued by Sally with assurances that the greatest care should be taken of me, the Doctor limped from the room, and Polly and I were left alone. In answer to all I asked her, Polly said simply 'Yes' and 'No,' and comported herself altogether with a most supernatural and weighty gravity. The evening was advancing, and the room was growing gray with twilight. Since I had ceased to question Polly, she had spoken never a word. I was a little wounded. Perhaps illness had made me fretful and exacting, but I could not help thinking that Polly might have been better pleased to find me growing well again. We kept silence until Sally returned, bearing the lamp with her.

'Now, Miss Mary,' said Sally, 'it's pretty nigh time as you was in bed.'

'I s'an't go to bed,' Polly answered with calm decisiveness; and looking at her then, I saw that she had been crying, and was crying still.

'Why, Miss Mary,' said Sally, 'you wouldn't make a worrit in Master Johnny's room, I'm sure, an' him that poorly.'

'Jack,' said Polly, suddenly breaking into sobs, and flinging herself upon the bed, 'don't be an angel! Oh, don't, don't, Jack!'

'Why, bless your pretty little heart alive, my darlin', no!' ejaculated Sally, raising her.

But Polly would have the assurance from my own lips, and I gave it seriously. I was as unconscious of any element of comedy in that assurance as Polly herself was.

\* 'They'm hearts o' gold,' said Sally caressingly—'they'm hearts o' gold, they am, both on 'em.'

'If oo goes for an angel,' said Polly, fixedly regarding me, 'I'll never be a good girl any more.' Then she relaxed, and kissed me fondly; and I again announced my intention not to be an angel, and so we said good-night.

Next morning I was dressed and carefully wrapped up and carried down-stairs like a parcel. I had not seen Mr Fairholt since the beginning of my illness, and I have learned since then that he had asked no questions about me, and had been apparently oblivious of my existence. When I saw him that day, I was amazed to find how old and gray and withered he had grown. He looked as if he had been as near Death's door as I had. I took occasion to ask Sally if he had been ill. She shook her head in answer, and said 'No;' but I heard her murmur something about a 'peck of trouble' and 'poor old gentleman,' as she turned away.

Later in the day, when Maud was reading to me, and Polly was sitting on a footstool at my feet, Cousin Will came in, and stayed to hear the finish of *The Ugly Duckling*. When the story was read through, Maud crossed over to him and sat beside him in the window-seat. They spoke together in low tones for a time; but I heard one fragment of their talk.

'It is possible,' he was saying, 'that we may learn something from him.'

'I fear not,' Maud answered.

'We must wait awhile,' said Cousin Will.

'It would be unwise,' said Maud, 'to question him until he grows stronger.'

There they both looked at me, and I saw that the latter part of their conversation referred to me. Next day Maud said 'Good-bye,' and I was wheeled to the window to see Cousin Will drive her home. She had promised that she would come again and see me very soon; but a fortnight elapsed before we met again. I had not even then recovered my full strength, but all fear of a relapse was long since over; and Sally had told me in the morning that I was to have a good long drive that day. Maud came in a dainty little carriage, drawn by two charming ponies. She had driven alone, as I learned that she was fond of doing; but when we went away together, Cousin Will came with us. I was well wrapped up, and the autumn air was balmy and warm. Oh, the quiet yet exquisite delight of that escape from prisoning walls—the rousing motion as the two bay ponies swept along! The jingle of their harness made a merry tune, and their feet came down in time to it, and the wheels hummed to it, and birds and trees warbled and murmured in rare harmony. The free wide fields, the rolling river, and the bounteous air, what fresh delight filled them all! A road, so white it made me wink to look at it as we dashed along in the dazzling sunshine, led us at last to a pair of enormous gates of open ironwork, with much gilded scrollwork, and many gilded spikes—the veritable gates of fairyland they seemed. And a veritable fairyland it seemed within, with the vast house in the distance, whose every window shone so in the sun, that it might have been filled with diamonds and gleamed no brighter; with countless plants and flowers of strange and splendid form and hue on either side, as we swept up the

broad path leading to that noble mansion; and far away to the right a lovely sheet of water, with the latest friends of The Ugly Duckling gliding to and fro upon its placid surface. These things all led to one conclusion; and when a gorgeous creature received us at the door, a being with white hair and white stockings and canary coloured breeches and a sky-blue coat, and instead of ordering us off the premises, received us with all evidence of deep respect, I should have been less than a child had it been less than fairyland, or had Maud been other than a fairy princess.

Within the house we were encountered by a stout elderly man with a bald head and a red face. 'Hallo, Fairholt!' this gentleman shouted. 'How de doo? This the patient, eh? How's the little feller, now?—Better? That's right. Come in an' pick a bit o' somethin' or other. Lunch is on the table, an' I'm hungry enough for ten men. No blessin' like a appetite, when you've got the stuff to let it loose on.' Talking thus, he led the way into a great room, before whose glories those of Mr Fairholt's house grew pale in memory. If I had at this time nothing but memory to fall back upon, I should probably still think this apartment the most magnificent in the world. But my later knowledge of the gilded splendours of Hartley Hall has shewn me that they were a little worse than vulgar.

'No news?' asked Mr Hartley—so Will called him—Maud was mincing chicken on my plate, and the old man gave one swift glance towards her as he said it. Cousin Will shook his head in silence; and I looking at Maud, saw that her lips trembled faintly.

Mr Hartley ate gravely for a time, and looking up, caught me in the act of staring at him. He dropped his knife and fork with a crash, and laid his great red hands on the cloth and looked at me. 'By Jove!' he said slowly, looking round at Will and Maud, 'I never saw such a likeness in all my life afore. Never!'

'Such a likeness, uncle?' said Maud. 'Where?' 'Wheer!' exclaimed Mr Hartley. 'Why, theer.' And taking up his knife again, he pointed at me. 'Why, he's the very livin' image.'

'Be calm, Mr Hartley,' said Cousin Will, rising and walking round the table to me. 'You alarm the child. He is far from strong yet.'

'Calm!' said Mr Hartley, taking up his fork and attacking his plate again. 'I'm calm enough. But it's the most extraordinary strikin' likeness I ever set eyes on in all my born days.' He looked at me again, and arose from the table.—'Take care o' the little chap, Maud,' he said with a gentleness which contrasted strongly with the haste with which he had arisen.—'Here, come with me, Fairholt; I want to speak to you a minute.'

Will left me with a reassuring pat upon the shoulder, and followed Mr Hartley to the far-end of the room, where they talked eagerly together for five minutes.

'I'll tell you what I'll do,' said Will, as they came away together towards the table; 'I'll drive over at once and bring her with me.'

'Finish your lunch first,' said Mr Hartley, ringing the bell.—'Order the dog-cart round at once,' he called to the servant almost before the door was opened.

The meal was finished in silence. The footman announced that the dog-cart was in readiness;

and Mr Hartley and Cousin Will left the room together. Maud, in evident surprise and wonder, led me to a couch near the window, and made me lie down there in the sunshine, setting up a firescreen to shade my face.

'Are you strong enough to talk, dear?' she asked me.

I answered that I felt quite strong and well.

'Shall you be troubled if I ask you what frightened you on the night when you fell ill?'

'No,' I answered. 'I saw a face at the window.'

'Gascoigne, your playfellow,' she went on, 'says that you cried out "The face!" Had you ever seen the face before?'

I told her everything then; much as I have set it down at the beginning of this narrative.

She heard me to the end, and then said with voice and eyes of appeal: 'If ever you should see him again, dear, don't be afraid of him, but speak to him. No, darling, no; he will not hurt you. It is not in his heart to hurt anything. But he is most unhappy—oh, most unhappy! If ever you see him again, speak to him, and tell him that everybody has forgiven him. Tell him that unless he comes back again, our hearts are broken. Tell him that unless he comes back again, I shall die.' There she fell forward on her knees, and drooped her head against the couch on which I lay, and broke into passionate weeping. The intensity of eagerness with which she had spoken these last words, and the uncontrolled agony of tears in which she knelt, alarmed me beyond measure. I could think of nothing to be done except to put my arms about her neck and soothe her and promise that I would—I would indeed. After a time she cried less passionately; and when she had partly rescued her self-control, she arose. 'Don't tell anybody of this, darling,' she said. 'But never forget what I have asked you.'

I promised faithfully; and she left the room, still crying, but quite quietly. I sat alone and wondered at it all, as I think I well might. The unaccustomed exercise of the drive, the hearty meal I had eaten after it, and the agitation of mind I had twice experienced, were too much for me, and by-and-by wonder lost itself in sleep. When I awoke there were voices in the room, and I had a shawl thrown over me.

'Oh,' said Mr Hartley's voice, 'so you've known him since the day he was born, eh?'

'Yes sir,' said a voice, which I knew at once to be Sally's. 'I dressed him the very second time as ever he was dressed, sir.'

Hearing this, I put aside the shawl which covered me and sat up. Sally, Cousin Will, and Mr Hartley were standing together on the rug before the fireplace, and Sally's face wore an expression of anxiety and fear.

'Did you know his mother before her marriage?' Mr Hartley asked.

'Yes sir; pore dear, I did sir,' Sally answered. 'My mother nussed her when her was a baby.'

'Hay?' said Mr Hartley. 'What did you say your name was?—Ah, Troman; of course, of course. Are you old Troman's daughter, that lived in the cottage by the quarry?'

'Yes sir, please sir,' Sally answered, courtesying.

'Well, what was his mother's maiden name?'

'Isabella Hartley, sir,' said Sally.

'Who did she marry?'

'Mr John Campbell, sir, at the Baker's Green ironworks, sir,' Sally answered.

'And he's their only child, is he?' Mr Hartley went on.

'For sure he is, sir,' Sally answered.

'That's what you'd call a chain o' evidence if you like.—Ain't it, Fairholt?' said Mr Hartley turning round upon Cousin Will, and thrusting a forefinger at his waistcoat.

'It's certainly complete enough,' Will answered.

Mr Hartley turned back to Sally. 'Did you ever see his mother's brother Ben, young woman? A blackguard bit of a chap, as run away, an' was never heard on for 'ears an' 'ears?'

'I seen him once, sir,' said Sally; 'but I never knowed no harm of him, sir. They was all decent people.'

'What'll you bet you haven't seen him twice?'

Mr Hartley asked with a twinkle in his eye.

'Well, I never!' ejaculated Sally, in a tone of sudden recognition and surprise.

Mr Hartley burst into a great roar of laughter, and catching sight of me, stopped suddenly. 'An' if here,' he said, 'ain't my new-found newew a-listenin' to it all! Why, blame me if it ain't as good as a play.—Come an' kiss your uncle, Johnny.—Bless my heart alive, missis, sit down, an' have a glass o' wine.—O nonsense, nonsense! Don't stand curtcheyin' as if you was afraid o' me. Why you an' me ought to know each other. Your mother an' my mother brought me into the world together, between 'em. Well, well, well! Bless my heart alive! An' who'd ha' thought it?'

Sally explained everything to me that afternoon as Mr Hartley's groom drove us home. When we were landed there, Sally carried me bodily to my bedroom, and setting me down upon the bed wept over me according to custom. 'And oh!' she cried at last, holding me at arm's-length by the shoulders, 'if Heaven ain't a-raisin' up friends for him everywhere.'

My aunt Bertha went over to Hartley Hall next day, and for a week or two there was a great driving to and fro between the houses. Finally, Sally was added to the list of Mr Hartley's domestics, on the understanding that she was engaged solely for my behoof and benefit; and I was transferred from the house of Mr Fairholt to that of Mr Hartley. Polly and I were alike inconsolable at first; but frequent visits were promised on either side, and once more the barque of Childhood's Hope sailed free before the wind.

#### COMMONPLACE-BOOKS.

THE practice almost universally followed by the great scholars in olden times, of making copious extracts from the books they read, seems to have fallen into comparative desuetude in our day. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries everybody who aspired to the character of a scholar was most assiduous in transferring to his volumes of *Adversaria* choice passages met with in the prosecution of his studies. Thus it happens that so many commonplace-books are to be found in the great collections of manuscripts in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the University Library at Cambridge, the Vatican

Library at Rome, and indeed in all the public libraries of Europe.

A commonplace-book may be described as a book in which things to be remembered are ranged under general heads. In a properly ordered volume of this kind all the entries should be duly arranged under their *Loci Communes*—common 'places' or 'topics.' A great number of the classical writers of antiquity were most diligent in collecting and arranging *excerpta*. Cicero, for example, himself informs us that he never passed a day without reading and writing something at home; constantly taking notes and making comments on what he read. Plutarch always carried a commonplace-book with him, and preserved with the greatest care whatever judicious observations fell in the course of conversation; and Pliny the Younger says of his illustrious uncle, that he never read a book without making extracts from it; for he used to remark that there was no book so bad but that something interesting could be found in it.

It might perhaps be imagined that this practice of laborious transcription, though absolutely necessary in an age when literary productions, being all in manuscript, were very rare and costly, would gradually decline and die out when the printing-press had made books much cheaper and more accessible. The reverse was the case. The scholars who assisted in the revival of learning outstripped their classical predecessors in the zeal with which they betook themselves to the filling up of their ponderous commonplace tomes.

In the *Advancement of Learning*, Lord Bacon writes: 'For the disposition and collocation of that knowledge which we preserve in writing, it consisteth in a good digest of commonplaces; wherein I am not ignorant of the prejudice imputed to the use of commonplace-books, as causing a retardation of reading, and some sloth or relaxation of memory. But because it is but a counterfeit thing in knowledges to be forward and pregnant, except a man be deep and full, I hold the entry of commonplaces to be a matter of great use and essence in studying, as that which assureth copie [that is, copiousness] of invention, and contracteth judgment to a strength.'

It has been said that the practice of extracting has a tendency to cause a torpidity of recollection; for, say the objectors, a person would not have so great a care to retain a fact in his memory if he were aware that he could find it in his note-book. There is a show of reason in this objection; but it can apply only to those who make extracts from the mere love of scribbling; certainly not to those who make a proper use of their *excerpta* with the design of improving and refreshing the memory. For this purpose the notes should be frequently reperused; and by this means it cannot be denied that many facts may be preserved which would otherwise have entirely faded from the memory. As a matter of fact, many of those scholars whose powers of memory have been developed to a remarkable degree, have been most assiduous in regularly posting up their commonplace-books. The historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* has indeed expressed an opinion that what is read twice is retained better than what is once transcribed. But surely this reasoning confutes itself, because, before a passage is copied into a commonplace-book, it is necessary



to read that passage, which is consequently read twice and written once. It is particularly worthy of remark, that while Gibbon professed to reprehend the system of commonplaceing, he was most industrious in putting it in practice. This inconsistency reminds one of the witty remark of Dr Thomas Fuller, who in his *Holy State* observes: 'I know some have a prejudice against commonplace-books, and yet perchance will privately make use of what publicly they declaim against. A commonplace-book contains many notions in garrison, whence the owner may draw out an army into the field on competent warning.'

Among other eminent men of modern times who have kept commonplace-books may be mentioned Bishop Jewell, Dr Donne, Milton, Leibnitz, Locke, and Count Joseph de Maistre. Robert Southey was an incessant maker of notes, and selections from his commonplace-books have been published in four thick quarto volumes. Benjamin Franklin commends the practice when he says: 'I would advise you to read with a pen in your hand, and enter in a book short notes of what you find that is curious or that may be useful; for this will be the best method of imprinting such particulars in your memory, where they will be ready either for practice on some future occasion, if they are matters of utility; or at least to adorn and improve your conversation, if they are rather points of curiosity.' Finally, Dugald Stewart remarks: 'What improvements in science might we not flatter ourselves with the hopes of accomplishing, had we only activity and industry to treasure up every plausible hint that occurs to us! Hardly a day passes when many such do not occur to ourselves, or are suggested by others; and detached and insulated as they may appear at present, some of them may perhaps afterwards, at the distance of years, furnish the keystone of an important system.'

It must not be supposed that erudite scholars and antiquaries were the only class of men who kept commonplace-books. The purveyors of light literature did not disdain this useful aid to study. Butler made large collections before he began his *Hudibras*; and Addison filled several folio volumes before he ventured to undertake the task of writing the *Spectator*. Again, a writer in the *Tatler* says: 'I turned to my commonplace-book, and found his case under the word *Coquette*.' Mr George Augustus Sala, one of the most brilliant contributors to the light literature of our own day, has filled with his marvellous minute handwriting a vast number of elaborate commonplace-books. The example of Mr Sala, whose published works are so voluminous, and who has spent a considerable part of his life in active travel as a special correspondent, shews what may be done by acting on the principle of constantly taking notes.

If a student begins early in life to arrange extracts, and if he perseveres without intermission, he will find himself the possessor of an immense amount of valuable and workable literary material. The pasting of printed cuttings in a scrap-book or the purchase of a commonplace-book ready-made will not answer the purpose. The extracts must be selected, arranged, and copied by the person who is to turn them to profit. The earlier in life the work is begun, the better. The celebrated John Sturmius in old age used

to lament, with tears in his eyes, that he had neglected to keep commonplace-books when he was young; and Isaac Casaubon in the evening of his life used to say how deeply it grieved him to think that he had read many curious things which he had omitted to transfer to his *Adversaria*. Memoranda, extracts, and suggestions accumulate in a wonderful manner under the hand of the diligent student. Thus the late Mrs Jameson, in her *Commonplace-book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies* remarks: 'For many years I have been accustomed to make a memorandum of any thought which might come across me—if pen and paper were at hand—and to mark and remark any passage in a book which excited either a sympathetic or an antagonistic feeling. This collection of notes increased insensibly from day to day. The volumes on *Shakspeare's Women*, on *Sacred and Legendary Art*, and various other productions, sprang from seed thus lightly and casually sown, which, I hardly know how, grew up and expanded into a regular readable form, with a beginning, a middle, and an end.'

Enough has been said about the utility of keeping a commonplace-book; a few words may be added as to the method of arranging it. The following plan is a modification of that recommended by Drexelius, who wrote in the seventeenth century. Take two books—small quarto is the most convenient size—and entitle one of them *Adversaria* (notes or memoranda), and the other *Lemmata* (subjects or titles). The first is the receptacle of all long passages, and also of short extracts where no other matter is likely to be met with relating to the same subject. The heading of each entry should be written in the margin in a larger character than the rest, in order that it may attract attention. The extracts are to be entered as they occur, no particular order being observed. *Lemmata* is arranged on another plan. The headings are written in the margin in the same manner as the *Adversaria*, but between each a blank space of a page or half a page is to be left, for the reception of additional references. The entries in this book should consist chiefly of references and brief extracts, all long ones being inserted in the *Adversaria*. The headings need not be inserted in any regular order. When a space is filled up, a reference should be made in the margin to the page on which the subject is continued. A complete index, which must be carefully posted up in a third octavo volume, will furnish a ready means of referring to the treasures in both collections.

## THE BELLS OF YARRICK.

### A PROSE IDYLL, IN THREE SCENES.

#### SCENE I.

THE embers falling from the logs in the fireplace of the Vicarage parlour make comfortable sounds and sleepy; and the flames, playing a soft accompaniment, flicker, and wane, and flicker again. The fitful light deals tenderly with the furniture, treating it with chivalrous respect, as having seen better days; unlike the saucy sunbeams which, earlier, took delight in disclosing the rifts in the carpet, the battered condition of the chairs, the nudity of the wainscot. 'The unhealthy gloss

of newness is gone,' the Vicar would say when the nakedness of the land forced itself obtrusively upon his notice; this contentedly, and with an affectionate glance round. The remark was in sooth superfluous, but it seemed to afford satisfaction to the speaker. And though the furniture is shabby, there is an air of refinement withal. Here are we in the presence of books—books dispersed, pleasantly disordered, reposing in odd corners; faithful servants which perform double office, ministering intellectually, and distilling a subtle air of scholarship around. These the Vicar loves.

This morning an ominous stillness had reigned without. The sun had risen blood red, and its rays, expending force in breaking through the opposed phalanx of cloud, had reached the earth spent and exhausted. The clouds had flushed angrily, portending mischief; though the sunlight had triumphed at the first onslaught, the contest was not concluded. Later, on the lurid horizon great inky piles had gathered steadily from the eastward, banking themselves one upon another in mighty columns. Though the wind yet lay still, elemental strife impended. By rustics plodding homeward, soil-smeared and weary; by sun-tanned fishers making their boat furniture taut and ship-shape on the ferry beach, the foreboding stillness had been felt. Dennis Ladbrook, from the plough, had sung greeting to Harry Winn, bending over his nets. 'Wha' cheer, Ma'aster Winn? Looks main stormy!' And Harry, glancing skyward with puckering brow, had replied: 'It deu that!'

Before gloaming fell, the wind moaned, and sent forth a few fitful puffs to herald its approach. Boardsey Ferry answered responsive; with wavelets first, dimpling its face, presenting uneven surface—child's play this. Then the dark-green waters turned black. A gust or two more and the wavelets were fairly set by the ears; amongst them, confusion reigned supreme. They jostled together, slapping noisily; making great commotion when the wind blew their foam-caps into spray. Then child's play ceased, and the storm burst in earnest. Wavelets were engulfed; great rollers came surging up from the eastward, gathered in strength and volume, and fell with deafening thunder on the beach. Lightning, forked and jagged, gleamed from the cloud-rifts, intensifying the heavy pall of darkness which succeeded. Heaven's artillery roared; heavy sheets of rain beat on the seething waters.

On shore too the strife raged. Leaves whirled through the air, seeking resting-place, and finding none. Into nooks and crannies, through new-discovered apertures, the wind shrieked and screamed. Sturdy branches creaked and groaned in protestation at the disturbance; to spreading roots the strain was transmitted, and they had work to hold their own.

Yarrick is an old-world village on the east coast, where men struggle for existence in elementary fashion, unaided for the most part by mechanical appliance. Some seek the waters, and draw a precarious livelihood from them; others till the soil and sow the life-sustaining grain. Simple souls, yet none the less embodying much of the poetic tenderness of life; capable of feeling much in the soft mysticism of the autumn moonlight; to wit more gratitude than their lips can

express when the ripened ears grow heavy at golden harvest-tide. And in an old gambrel-roofed house which nestles under the North Wold hill in this pastoral parish, dwelt the Vicar. Far removed from the turmoil of great cities, his life had glided by comparatively eventless. His it had been to minister to the poor, and by the poor he was beloved; imperceptibly but steadily he had won his way to their hearts. Where trouble had fallen heaviest, he had been ever at hand to relieve; ready in thought, quick in action, he had long since won fealty alike of the hardy sons of the soil and of the toilers of the waters.

Once when the signal had boomed from the lifeboat station on the beach, only half the crew had assembled; two were down with fever, and the rest were away. Harry Winn, master, after calling the muster-roll, had stepped forth from the boat-shed into the darkness again and again, peering in vain through the driving sleet for the missing ones. He had seen a recurrent flash far to the eastward, and he knew that a doomed vessel was on the deadly Trull Bank. Then he had returned to the shed where his mates sat silent. He was not one to display much feeling, but he was sore troubled; he had traversed that awful three miles before when the boat was fully manned, and he well remembered the terrific fight between maddened waves and straining muscles. When he was seating himself in despair, the Vicar, telling him in a few earnest words how the use of the oar was new neither to himself nor to the friend who accompanied him, volunteered service. Winn had looked up doubtfully, but the Vicar's face had compelled trust. And when the first burst was over, and the boat, quivering in every plank, had emerged from the breakers, the master found that he had relied on no broken reed. Solid muscle and steady nerve were there; and henceforward the hardy coastmen opened their hearts to him whose spirit they felt had communion with theirs.

Again, when the village community had opposed an obstinate resistance to sanitary reform—such a steady dead-weight of opposition as only a village community is capable of—and when the sweet Yarrick air had been poisoned by the rotting heaps of garbage in the back-yards of the inhabitants, typhus had swooped down with bared fangs. The defenceless village became a hotbed of infection; work stood still, families were decimated, and great sorrow fell upon Yarrick. And in this time of trial too, the Vicar was at hand; where trouble was sorest, he confronted it; his was the ready hand to succour, his the glowing sympathy to cheer. The time of trouble passed away, and now where he goes there is sunshine; tanned faces glow ruddier and smile greeting when he passes; mothers' lips move to bless him; children toddle towards him, and place baby hands in his.

As the logs in the fireplace fall together and emit a sudden blaze, his face may be studied by its light; thought characterises it, gentleness softens it; it is the face of one taking retrospect—the Vicar is looking back. And his pupil, sitting by his side, is looking forward. Gerald Herrick is about to start on his career in the army; and loving his country, he has taken mental oath to work and, if need be, to die for her. Slight and well-knit in figure, eager and intelligent, he

seems well fitted for the path he has chosen; to him life is a romantic mystery, filled with glorious and infinite possibilities. The attitudes of the two are expressive of that pleasant lassitude which steals over those who have eaten and are sheltered after having been long out of doors. They have been discussing some recent event interesting to both, and are occupied with thought.

Now Gerald speaks. 'You really think the answers I gave will have passed me, sir?'

The Vicar smiles pleasantly. 'I do, Gerald. From the report you give of them, you appear to have managed your paper most artistically.'

'Passing this examination would save me six long months. Who knows, sir, what chance of active service may not depend on it. I cannot but feel anxious.' And Gerald sighs.

'Your nervousness is only natural, Gerald, though I really believe there is no reason for anxiety. At any rate you have worked bravely and steadily; and whether you have won your cadetship or not, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done your best.'

The boy's eyes brighten; Gerald honours his master, and a little discriminating praise comes sweet after toil. He glances up quickly at the Vicar's face, then looks down; at sixteen the emotions are more apt to be expressed mutely than articulately. 'Denny was to wait at the post-office at Boardsey for the telegram; Winn promised not to cross the ferry without him, sir, he says.'

'Then if he is not already over, Gerald, he will have a wild crossing.'

Gerald rises, and walks towards the window. The wind without deals it a succession of heavy blows, causing it to shake noisily; and the rain, like discharged handfuls of shot, lashes it. Suddenly, through the clamour of the storm, borne fitfully but still distinctly audible, comes the sound of pealing bells. The Vicar raises his head, and his face flushes as he listens. 'Kind and thoughtful,' he murmurs; 'they have not forgotten!'

'Why are the bells ringing at this time, sir?'

'Ella was born six years ago to-night, Gerald. They ring to commemorate the little sunbeam's advent.' The Vicar's eyes have a dreamy far-off expression. Again the peal is heard; now his lips move. 'Sweet-voiced messengers, shaping their notes to Nature's moods. Well-loved sounds and sympathetic; sporting with the raging winds; borne to me in the bosom of the storm!'

Gerald holds his peace, and waits till the broken utterances cease. He has known his master in abstracted moods before this, and at such times he will listen sympathetically, in part understanding. 'How you love the bells, sir!'

'Their music is weft inseparably with the sweetest recollections of my life.' A pause, during which the Vicar gazes dreamily into the fire. 'When I sit listening to them, it all comes back to me—my father's home, my childhood, my past! When I came to Yarrick, I lost their music. I never dared to hope for its sweet companionship again; the parish was too poor to allow of even a dream of it. And then my father's friend, the patron of the living—peace be to his memory!—presented these bells to the church. Old friends come back to me—their voices pealed forth on my

marriage; and their music fell upon my ear when my child was born.'

Gerald's heart is moved towards his master; he rises and takes a step towards him, and his feeling finds outlet. 'To me too, sir, they are grown dear. I feel that when I am far away from Yarrick, I shall weave the memory of them with that of you, and shall so remember them for all time to come.'

The Vicar, recalled from his reverie, looks up into the boy's eager face; then he stretches out his hand, and says: 'Your words sound pleasantly, Gerald.' After a pause he adds slowly: 'And so you will never forget Yarrick, nor your old master?'

'And Gerald answers: 'Never!'

A noise, as of the opening and closing of doors; then of voices, female treble and male bass, holding dispute concerning rain-soaked garments. The treble protestations appear to be overborne.

'That is Dennis,' remarks the Vicar, with a smile.

Then a knock, to which Gerald breathlessly responds. Set in the framework of the doorway stands the weather-beaten figure of Dennis Ladbrook. The rain trickles from his garments and collects in a little pool on the mat. As he confronts Gerald, an intense satisfaction manifests itself in every lineament of his beaming face. 'The telegram, Denny! You've brought it?'

'I hev, Ma'aster Gerald!'—a rustic chuckle of delight, then a sudden drooping of the corners of the mouth—'ef un beant melted!' The sudden cap is removed, and a piece of pulp carefully extracted from its lining. On its appearance, consternation is depicted on every face. Denny glances up from it in dismay, and then regards it with a look of deep contrition. Suddenly his face broadens out into such a beaming smile as only a rustic's is capable of producing; he takes a step forward, and in his enthusiasm brings down a heavy wet hand on Gerald's shoulder. 'Et doant make much difference, far as I see, Ma'aster Gerald; yeu's a cadet, a cadet in Her Majesty's service, spite o' rain an' weather!' and Denny dwells on his words in a mild ecstasy.

Gerald gives a gasp of relief, and sits down.

'But how do you know, Denny?' asks the Vicar.

'Cause, sir, we overhauls this yere telegraft 'fore we puts it inteu its cover!' replies Denny with modest pride. Fixing his eye on the ceiling, he adds reflectively: 'An' a more flimsy ill-reg'lated cover than it's preuvd I never did see, that I will say!'

At Yarrick, telegrams are evidently regarded as the common property of the village. The Vicar appreciates the humorous side of this, but seeing disadvantages, thinks it well to register a protest. 'It is as well that the postmaster should be told that telegrams are private property,' he says mildly; adding with a smile: 'Notwithstanding, that disclosure has in this case certainly brought relief.'

'So yeu's tould us 'fore now, sir; an' hed the telegraft come to any un but Ma'aster Gerald, 'twould 'a been different, sir. "He belongs teu us," says t' poastma'aster; "doant he?" An' Winn an' me says: "He deu so." "Then we'll read his telegraft," says t' poastma'aster; an' he reads un. Then he says to me: "Denny, doant

you tell t' parson what I's done!" an' I says: "No, I wun't." But comin' along, I thout 'twould be more honourable like so to deui; an' that's the long an' the short of it, sir.' And Denny twirls his moist headgear with the air of one who has achieved moral triumph.

The Vicar has by this time turned to congratulate Gerald; and as he does so, the door is gently pushed open, and a golden-haired maiden enters, aged seven, blue-eyed. The Vicar catches her up in his arms, and facing round, says: 'Sunbeam, congratulate the conqueror! Gerald has passed his examination, and is become a great man—a soldier!'

Ella eyes the great man coquettishly, and the great man blushes. 'Will you play the drum, soldier?'

'I am afraid not, Ella.'

The interrogator, nestling on papa's shoulder, grows thoughtful. 'Will you wear spurs?'

'Yes; I hope to have that privilege, Ella.'

She looks more content, but still thoughtful; parity of circumstance is causing her to recall a scene from her last Christmas pantomime. After a pause the fair face is upturned, and the eyes seek the ceiling; tragically raising a dimpled hand she says slowly: 'And will you fight for me and my country?'

Gerald is growing a little embarrassed. 'O yes, Ella; that I will, when there is occasion to,' he answers.

'Then I do cong'at'late you, dear soldier!' Both the rosy hands are extended; and the boy, after pausing for a moment, steps forward and chivalrously kisses them.

The Vicar's eyes brighten at the enactment of the little comedy. Gerald crosses to the far side of the room, lights the lamp, and makes endeavour to spread out the paper pulp which was once a telegram.

Ella's eyes now rest in consternation on Denny. 'Oh! Denny, how vewy vewy wet you are; and on the fur mat too!' (Ella was inexact; the fur had long since disappeared.) 'Have you weally come from Boardsey to-night, Denny?'

'Yes, Missy, I hev.'

'And have you cong'at'l—g'at'lated Gerald, Denny?'

'I's now goin' ten, Missy.' Denny makes preparation by clearing his throat and restlessly glancing over to where Gerald sits. Gerald looks back with a smile; the Vicar leans an arm on the chimney-piece; Sunbeam gazes at Denny in expectation, much impressed by his attitude.

The twirling of the hat is recommenced, the eye becomes fixed on a remote spot, as before, and Denny thus delivers himself: 'In a few days, Ma'aster Gerald, yeu'll be leavin' Yarrick, an' yeu think yeu's goin' away from th'ould place all lonely like; but yeu an't. Why? 'Cause yeu's mistaken, Ma'aster Gerald. Mebbe yeu don't mind the time when yeu fust come t' Yarrick, an' I larned yeu rabbitin', an' that ould doe ferret bit yer finger bad; yeu was a little un then, Ma'aster Gerald.'

'O yes, Denny, I remember it, murmurs Gerald.

'Anyways, I han't forgot those days. I's been turnin' an' turnin' 'em over in my mind o' late; an' yesterday I goes up to Uncle Ben, an' I says to him: "Uncle Ben, did I larn Ma'aster Gerald

rabbitin', or did I not?" "Ye u did so, Dennis," he says. An' I says to him: "Then shall I let Ma'aster Gerald go out soldiering all alone to furrin parts?" An' Uncle Ben says: "Ye u beem right, boy, yeu shanna'!" An' then he an' me goes into the bar-parlour of the *Three Mariners* to see t' sergeant w' they ribbins who was there. An' we all has a drink together—porter it was; an' then Uncle Ben he ups an' asks t' sergeant whether I could 'list. "Ay, ay," says the sergeant, as he slips a shilling into my hand; so that where yeu goes, Ma'aster Gerald, there I goes ten.' The rotary movement of the cap accelerates; Denny's face has become very red, and his voice quavers like the village flute. 'An' so, Ma'aster Gerald, whether it bes Rooshia, or whether it bes Prooshia, or whether it bes Injy, yeu'll al'ays have me to look arter yeu!'

'Bravely said, Denny!' exclaims the Vicar.

Sunbeam focuses and reflects the distributed enthusiasm; she clasps her dimpled hands together and cries: 'Bwavo! dear Denny; how welly bwave of yeu!'

And Gerald, with his face aglow, has risen and clasped the honest fellow's hand. 'Denny,' he says, 'I cannot express all I feel.'

The orator is overcome. 'Nor me neither, Ma'aster Gerald!'

The Vicar becomes absorbed in the contemplation of an ornament on the chimney-piece. Suddenly he is recalled to consciousness by a vivid gleam of lightning eclipsing the soft glow of the firelight, and making every object in the room stand out sharply in its dazzling light; it is followed by a deafening peal of thunder, and a gust of wind which shakes the house to its foundations. As though this were a last despairing effort of the elements, a sudden calm falls, the fury of the storm seeming to have exhausted itself.

Ella has buried her face in her father's shoulder.

'Tis as wild a night as Yarrick has seen sin' I's lived here!' comments Denny, awe-stricken.

'The storm is passed away now, Sunbeam,' at length whispers the Vicar.

Sunbeam looks up blinking. 'Are you quite sure it is past, papa?' she says. 'Is it gone to Boardsey, I wonder?'

The group are still together in the Vicar's parlour when a hurried knocking is heard at the door; and in another moment Harry Winn, drenched, breathless, and with the face of one who bears news of sad catastrophe, appears on the scene. 'Thet last hev been ten much for 't, sir,' he gasps. 'The belfry's gone by the board, and nary a whole bell's left to tell the tale!' and the rough fellow turns that he may not see the sorrow he feels is writ on the face of him to whom the chimes have been the music of half a lifetime.

And he, the Vicar? Sweet associations of the past had caused those inanimate bells to become to him ministers of divine sympathy, and to him the light seems suddenly to have gone out. He attempts to meet his trouble with a smile, but his face refuses to misrepresent the sorrow of his heart. In a moment Ella steps towards him, and a soft little arm steals round his neck in mute sympathy. Then he turns, catches her up in his arms, and kisses her twice. 'Run, Ella, and tell



nurse to wrap you up,' he says. 'We will go out and see if perchance there be any merely wounded left amongst the slain; if not, we must find a fitting resting-place for them.' He pats the sunny head and smiles down. 'We must bury Angelus and Silvertongue side by side.' And Ella trips away. Turning, he says: 'Go, Winn, and you, Dennis, to where they are fallen—I will join you directly.'

'We will, sir!' the two cry, experiencing instant relief on being put into action.

The Vicar nods cheerfully, and closes the door on them, then draws his chair up to the fire and sits down. His face is thrown back, his hand is passed across his forehead, and his lips move. In this brief moment he takes leave of the loved messengers now lost to him.

Gerald steps forward, and his master asks dreamily: 'Is that you, Gerald?'

'Yes sir.'

Then the Vicar looks up. 'The death of the bells must not banish your success from our minds,' he says. 'You will recollect the coincidence of their fall with the commencement of your new career; it seems that the last sound they uttered was a joy-peal at the news!'

'Sir, Yarrick is poor, and cannot replace them.'

'No, my boy; they are gone for ever.'

Gerald is strangely moved by complex feelings, gratitude for the years of patient care in the past preponderating; he takes a step forward, and his voice shakes as he speaks. 'You refer to my success, sir, and I would tell you how doubly dear it is to me now, and why. Wherever my fortune may lead me, and however I may be occupied, I will never, never forget this night!' The boy's face glows with enthusiasm as he continues. 'In distant lands, fighting for my country, I will win rank and fame; and directly I have the means, I will gratify the dearest wish of my heart; and the sounds that you love, sir, shall once more fall upon your ears, to remind you of me!'

And the Vicar listening, is content. He thinks that the loss of the bells has indeed brought ample compensation.

## ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED.

BY A LADY.

### CONCLUDING PAPER.

I now come to my last notice of animals—Dogs. Before I give an account of those I have known, I will relate a circumstance which took place in the south of England. The facts were well known to my father, who when a young man, resided in Somersetshire. An old couple, man and wife, kept a toll-bar; and their sons were accustomed at certain times to come and take away the money to the neighbouring town. A farmer who lived near was in the habit of passing through the bar when he drove his gig; but when on horseback, he took a shorter way across the fields by a bridle-path. He was generally accompanied by a dog, a very intelligent and powerful mastiff. The old woman kept a small store of gingerbread, nuts, and tobacco-pipes, and often gave the dog a cake, as she was very fond of the animal. One evening the farmer having some business to transact

before he returned home, left his coat in the room of the inn he frequented, telling his dog to remain until he came back. The business being over, while he was putting on his coat he observed three rather evil-looking men sitting drinking; but he gave no particular heed to them, whistled to his dog, and mounting his horse, rode away. Avoiding the road and the toll-bar, he was crossing the last field near home when he missed the dog; but supposing the animal had gone on before, he did not trouble himself. Meanwhile the dog, instead of following his master home, had gone straight on to the toll-bar and scratched at the door. The old woman opened it, and the dog walked in and lay down before the fire. She wondered to see him, as it was getting very late, but presently remembered that the farmer had not passed through that day. She opened the door and tried to send the dog home; but he would not go; so the old man told his wife to let him alone, and when they went up-stairs to bed, the dog followed them and lay down.

Early in the morning they were roused by the breaking of the casement window, and by the voice of a man who, standing on a ladder, opened it, and speaking to the woman, said if she would be quiet and give him all the money that was in the house, he would not hurt her or her husband. He jumped into the room; but no sooner had he done so than the dog sprang at him, seized him by the throat, and held him fast. It was market-day, and as the country-people came, they guessed something was the matter, as the gate was fastened, and no one answered their call. They went to the back of the house, where they saw the ladder. A young man climbed up and looked in, and beheld the poor old couple sitting up in bed, and almost paralysed with fear at the scene which had been enacted on the floor: the man, who was afterwards recognised as one of the three who were together in the inn, lay dead in the grip of the faithful animal. They must have been talking of the intended robbery at the toll-house; the dog must have in some way comprehended, and gone to the rescue.

The first dog of any note that my father possessed was a black Newfoundland. He was a very powerful and intelligent animal. My father trained him well, and taught him to go from our country place to the town with a basket fastened round his neck, with notes inside for the different trades-people, who understood that he would readily give them up, and if required, would bring anything sent, safely back. He was often despatched for a car to an hotel about a mile distant. Hector would go into the yard, and the hostler knew at once what was wanted. One day there was a strange man in the yard, who could not understand what Hector meant; but the dog would not be baffled. He went straight to the bar, and gently barked to gain attention. 'Ah!' said the girl, 'Hector wants a car,' which settled the business.

At that time it was very dangerous to walk

at night in the country roads. It was before the rural police were appointed. When my father was absent of an evening, Hector was always sent to meet him. A spiked collar was put on, to protect his throat. He was told to wait at a certain place, and he never failed to be there. One evening I was walking home with my father; it was so dark we could scarcely see anything. My father said: 'We ought to have met George by this time. I told him to come with the lantern.'

We walked on a few yards, and Hector met us. He was half a mile ahead of his accustomed waiting-place. My father was a strict disciplinarian, and spoke sharply to the dog, scolding him for coming on. But I begged him not to do so, thinking there might be some good reason for his coming. When we reached the stile to cross the fields the dog was restless, and growled savagely.

'Back, Hector, back!' said my father; but the dog would not obey him, and bounded over first. 'There is something the matter,' said my father, as he took out his clasp-knife, and opened it, whispering to me: 'We may have a fight. Be sure you do not lay hold of my arm.' He then struck a light with his flint and steel, whereupon a man sprang up and moved on before us.

'Mind yourself, father,' said I; 'Hector will take care of me.' The dear creature came close to my side and put his nose into my hand. I knew he would fight for us to the death; for though as gentle as a lamb to those he loved, he was fierce as a lion in defence of them. My father was a very powerful and fearless man. He had his daughter to protect, and his spirit was thoroughly roused; but he knew it would be well to trust to the sagacity of the dog, and see what he would do. When we reached the stile he stood still and growled. My father said: 'Come, you fellows, come at once over this stile. I know you are there. Come at once, or I will set my dog upon you, and he will shew you no mercy.'

There was a movement, and one, and then another man came grumbling. Hector stood firm, uttering a low continued growl.

'Come along,' exclaimed my father; 'there are more of you. You had better be quick.'

Another came, saying 'that he had as much right to the road as we had.'

Still the dog would not cross the stile.

'There is another of you. If you do not come at once, my dog will kill you.' He saw the animal's patience was well-nigh exhausted. The last then slunk over, and the dog bounded over the stile into the lane. Then we knew the brave creature had saved us. When we came to the public-house, George, our man-servant, was sitting comfortably in the porch waiting for us with the lantern. He had seen *two* men, and was afraid to come on!

I could tell many interesting stories of this noble animal. His end was sad. When we were removing to another house, he was taken to protect some of the things that were put in the loft above the stable; the stupid man who put him there tied him up; the poor creature's feet had slipped, and when the door was opened next morning, our faithful friend was found strangled.

We had at the same time with Hector my

Blenheim spaniel Flora, the one who rescued the kittens from the pond. She was a lovely little creature, perfect in beauty; and was very fond of Hector, whom she delighted to patronise. He was roaming about the fields one day, when espying Flora in the pond he jumped in, and took her safely to the bank. This liberty the spaniel resented by barking and scolding, after which she leaped into the water again. Hector looked very humble; but still he seemed to think he must be there, lest any harm should come. A happy thought occurred to him, and walking into the water, he quietly waited till Flora climbed upon his back, and enjoyed herself, while he swam about. When she was tired, she walked quietly home. But after this, it was a constant source of amusement to let Hector loose with Flora upon his back in the water.

We had also two terriers—one a black and tan smooth-haired; the other a wire-haired, one of the bravest, most honest dogs I ever knew. The smooth-haired was called Tan. He was a thorough aristocrat, proud and haughty; very good and clever in a rat-hunt when excited and others were working too. But he was a perfect contrast to honest-hearted Tip. Near our house was a farm occupied by a strange sort of man, low, vulgar, and savage. This Farmer Oldacre had a dog the counterpart of himself, that was the terror of the neighbourhood. One day he was loose, and by some means he got hold of poor Tip and almost killed him. We saw him torn and bleeding in the yard. Everything that could be done for the poor animal was done. It was a pretty sight to see little Flora sitting by the side of and comforting her injured friend; and many a delicious morsel was given to her to take to her patient. In about six weeks Tip was better and able to run about. One day our man-servant, who had been to a distance to fetch some hay, informed us on his return that he had seen Tan on the road, and that on whistling, Tan took no notice of him. In the afternoon, we suddenly heard a noise of barking dogs. Off started Flora, and joined them. There had assembled about twenty of all sorts, who proceeded to Farmer Oldacre's, flew at his dog, and tore it to pieces. Our man-servant, who followed them for Flora's sake, told us she in her revenge was the last to be taken off from him, while Tip sat looking quietly on, taking no share in the attack. Must not those animals have communicated with each other, and thus punished with death the savage brute? These dogs had been collected together from a radius of five miles, and it was quite evident that information regarding the farmer's savage dog had something to do in gathering them together.

Tip was one of the most faithful animals. He devoted himself to our old gardener Willy. At haymaking-time he was employed to take charge of the basket of food and the beer that were sent into the field for the labourers. No one but Willy was allowed to come near while the animal guarded Willy's coat. His faithfulness, however, cost him his life. One evening in October a sudden sharp frost set in while Willy had left Tip in charge of his coat in the garden. The old man had been persuaded to go to the public-house, and was so intoxicated that he could not return home; but the dog remained still faithful to his charge; My father went to the dog to try to get him home;

but he would not come. He covered him up with a thick horse-cloth; but next morning poor Tip could not walk. He was almost paralysed; and was in such agony that they were compelled to have him shot.

Flora was so clever that I professed to teach her the multiplication table. I used small biscuits; and without any mistake she would answer my questions by pushing the right number of biscuits with her paw. Of course I never tried high numbers; and as a reward at the end of her lesson I used to say: 'Now, Flora, we will play at subtraction.' She would put her pretty head on one side, and—if there were, say, four biscuits upon the table—I would ask: 'Now, Flora; four from four, how many?' In a moment all the biscuits disappeared. Whereupon she would give a happy little bark, and run away well pleased with her performance. She was devotedly attached to my father, and in a severe illness he had would never leave him except to take a short run in the garden. One day she was taken from his room into another where the servant did not observe that the window was open. She had become so susceptible to cold from her long confinement in a warm room, that she caught a severe chill, which ended in rapid consumption.

I will now conclude with an account of Juno, the most singular dog I ever knew. When we were in Staffordshire, some years since, a female puppy was given to one of my daughters. She was a month old when we brought her home. She was partly of the hound and Lyme Hall mastiff breed, and developed into an animal of rare beauty. Her colour was a light golden brown, with jet-black muzzle, and a little white upon her throat. Her eyes were large and lustrous, resembling a fawn's. Hydrophobia being very prevalent in our neighbourhood, we were afraid of her coming in contact with any other dogs; and as she grew up, the fear of losing her compelled us to be very careful, so that she never went out without a leash. When she came to us, we had a kitten, to which she attached herself; and they were constant companions until the little creature was accidentally killed. Some time after this she saw a cat, and ran up to play with it. But puss flew at Juno and scratched her severely on the ear. She never forgot this; waited her opportunity, and killed it. From that time all cats were doomed that she could lay hold of; and our back-yard, which had been much infested by them, was kept clear of their presence for years.

Juno soon became so completely identified with us, that she did not care to associate with any other dogs. She was a most affectionate and loving creature to us all, and also formed strong attachments to various friends.

She was remarkable as a watch-dog; indeed she became quite 'a terror to evil-doers.' We felt quite secure from burglars, though the houses of many in our neighbourhood were attacked. She never barked unnecessarily. When the gate was left open for the early-morning men to empty the ash-pit, it was quite sufficient to tell her so before retiring for the night, and then she never uttered a sound. Her sense of smell was so keen that it was impossible to administer any medicine to her. Once only was this done, and it required such severe measures that those who witnessed the

scene in the yard of the veterinary surgeon have never forgotten it. One summer she was very unwell, suffering from an eruption of the skin—we supposed from a fight she had had with a cat. It occurred to me that ripe pears would do her good. She ate them with a thorough relish; and in the course of three weeks she was completely cured!

Her love for me was very great, though it was to her master she evinced the deepest devotion. When he was absent from home, she would eagerly watch for the postman, and fetch to me her master's letter, without touching any other. I had a severe illness, and while confined to the house she was my constant companion. One day I was very depressed, and had been weeping. She came to me, looked into my face, whined, patted me with her paw, and licked my hand. Seeing this had no effect in drying my tears, she snatched my handkerchief, and ran away with it to the other end of the room. When she saw me smiling, she came slowly back again, and after a little coaxing, returned it to me. Though so brave and fearless, she was highly nervous, and suffered dreadfully in a thunderstorm. If I were near her, she would hide her head in the folds of my dress. When alarmed, her face perceptibly paled. We saw a remarkable instance of this one day when my husband returned from a funeral. Juno hearing his voice, as usual ran to meet him; but started back as if in horror when she saw him with a long black silk hat-band, and a scarf of the same material across his shoulders. Her colour left her, and it was some minutes before she recovered.

It has often been to me a matter of inquiry how much of reasoning power as distinguished from instinct is to be found in animals. The more I have studied them, and watched their various ways and acts, the more I am convinced that they are not so far in this respect removed from man as some would have us believe. Their sense of humour is great, and we all saw this frequently in Juno.

But it is useless on my part to attempt to give a true description of what she really was. Dear creature, she is gone. A sad blank is left in our home, which no other can ever fill! I like in memory to look back upon 'Animals that I have known and loved,' convinced that to a great degree they are endowed with the same faculties as ourselves; the same passions that influence us are shared by them—love, hope, joy, courage, fear, and jealousy; and above all, they possess devotion and constancy. Deceit and treachery have no part in the character of a true and faithful dog. He shews no distrust, no wavering in friendship, no faithlessness in love. The love of a friend may grow cold; children may be alienated from parents, and parents from children; even between husband and wife who have been fond and confiding, 'whispering tongues' may come, and cause severance and bitter sorrow. But make a noble dog your friend, and nothing can break the bond which unites him to his benefactor. Should we not then seek to promote the welfare and happiness of all animals? We know that God has made nothing in vain. He has clothed the earth with beauty, and given to us these wonderful companions, endowed with fidelity and affection. Let us see that we use these gifts

aright, remembering our Saviour's words, that not even a sparrow can fall to the ground without the knowledge and care of our Heavenly Father.

#### A RUSSIAN ICE-HOUSE.

WE have received the following description of an ice-house from a gentleman resident in Moscow: he says:

The pleasure-seekers of Moscow have this year been gratified by a spectacle which, for novelty at least, has not been surpassed by anything they have witnessed for a long time. This spectacle is a house built entirely of ice. It is a copy of the one the Empress Anna Ivanovna constructed in St Petersburg on the river Neva, and the plans and description of which are kept in the archives of Moscow. From these papers, the enterprising managers of the Zoological Gardens here have obtained the details necessary for constructing a miniature copy of the imperial ice-palace. The cost of erection has amounted to three thousand roubles, or at the present rate of exchange, a little above three hundred pounds sterling; but this has already been more than covered, as the first six days of the exhibition brought in something like eight thousand roubles. The appearance of this structure is most attractive in the evening, when lit up with electric and Bengal lights. It is built on the pond of the Zoological Gardens, and occupies about fifty feet square, including the space inclosed by the ice-railing. Entrance inside is prohibited, owing, no doubt, in great measure to the damage the steps would suffer from the visitors continually passing up and down. The house itself is about twelve feet high, with a roof some nine feet higher. It is built in the form of a parallelogram; and with all due respect to the Empress Anna and to the authorities of the Gardens, reminds one more of a barn than anything else. This, however, is only an accident of shape. Looking at it when illuminated by electricity, the sight is one well worth seeing. The ice in front is of the purest, and glitters with almost dazzling brightness, and where a corner catches the light, the onlooker might imagine that it was set with precious stones. One end of the house is built of alternate pieces of dark and clear ice—a combination which, whether brought about intentionally or not, produces a very good effect, and irresistibly reminds one of a chess-board. Both at the front and back, there is a doorway in the centre of the house, and on each side three windows. Round each of these is a cornice, and between the windows plain flat columns without any capitals. These, with a large shallow shell over the doorway and a balustrade running along the edge of the roof, are the only attempts at decorating the building itself. About half-a-dozen steps lead up to the doorway in front. At the foot of these, on blocks of ice, repose two dolphins, one on each side; they in their turn are flanked each by a mortar, and at each extremity are two cannon—all of ice. To complete the building, two chimneys grace the roof. In front of the house and a little to the side are two ice-lodges, in the form of square towers. The execution of the work is worthy of all praise. The preparation of the window-panes,

made to resemble plate-glass, is said to have given some trouble, as it was first necessary to get blocks of ice of a suitable size, and then, by means of hot-irons, to reduce them to the proper thickness—about a quarter of an inch. They have the appearance of frosted glass. The preparation of the other parts, though easier, has required great care; the bestowal of which, however, has been repaid to those on whom fell the responsibility of the work, by the consciousness of having performed their task well, and by the general pleasure afforded to the public. On Saturday the 14th of February the Prince of Bulgaria, Alexander I., visited the Gardens to inspect the ice-house.

Perhaps some who read this may feel inclined to make a similar experiment on a small scale. How far it is practicable in Scotland or England, is another question; but I may mention another icy production which it would be worth trying to make—pictures in ice. Take a block of ice, smooth the surface, and paint some scene on it. The paint will soon dry; and then water should be poured over it until the block is some inches thicker. A friend of mine a short time ago saw a specimen of this, and declares the effect was very good. He at first thought the picture was on the outside; and it was only after examining it more closely that he found out his mistake.

#### THE ELVES.

With the noiseless beat of fairy feet,  
Merrily race, without a trace,

The fays athwart the green;  
While overhead the moon rose-red,  
Showers the light of noonlike night  
The charmed boughs between.

The bird may sleep in slumber deep  
Upon its spray when fairies play,

Nor wake before the dawn,  
For Zephyrs' sigh were tempest high  
Amid the trance of elfish dance  
Across the moonlit lawn.

Now in and out the joyous rout  
Their mazes weave at shut of eve,  
When pipes the nightingale;  
Or hollow note from the owl's pied throat  
May music be for their wild glee,  
When softer tunings fail.

Their drink the dew, a merry crew!  
From acorn cup they drink it up,  
And wild with that draught made,  
They dance amain till all are fain  
Their play to close, in soft repose,  
On beds of clover laid.

But Chanticleer, the morn now near,  
Preludes the song of feathered throng  
Through all the country side:  
Away they go!—like falling snow  
Upon a stream, or winged dream,  
They vanish unespied.

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